

THE  
**MUSICAL WORLD,**  
 A MAGAZINE OF  
 ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
 AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατὸν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
 καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
 an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

MAY 2, 1839.

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In opening a new volume of the “Musical World,” even though under the auspices of a new editor, it is scarcely necessary to put forth any fresh prospectus of its object and design. Our advent to the readers of this periodical cannot surely be that of a stranger—for we have seen and mingled with them many a time and oft in other guises and localities for years ago—and now we claim from them the welcome of an old familiar—one whose voice may sound unto their memory as a strain of music not yet gone out of the heart—and whose converse, grave or gay, may be discoursed unto them from the oracle of a pen—with the same kind reception and recognition as they have been used to bestow upon it other-where.

In a word, then, let us suppose that under the mystic monosyllable *WE* our real presence is acknowledged, and that *We* and the *Reader* are friends! Nor may it be supposed that we come querulously, as a new broom (or Brougham), to sweep away the gatherings and labours of most worthy predecessors, or to rob a work which we have been fortunate enough to find popular of any of its ancient landmarks of attraction and success. The reader, be he never so Conservative, need stand in no fear for the Constitution of the “Musical World.”

In all essential points it is our intention to adhere to the plan and to fulfil the promises of the address which opened the new year. But we propose the addition of new features of interest—a pouring of the fresh young blood of variety into the veins and arteries of the work—the giving a tone of generality to its articles—and an attempt to popularise the periodical over a more extensive space—to open wider the arena of musical literature and criticism—to unbar and throw open gates which, being closed, have seemed hitherto to forbid the entrance of the world without, and to make that fair circle exclusive, whose delights and enjoyments *should* be liberally distributed, as we believe they *would* be eagerly sought after by the people at large, amongst whom Music, in the full beauty of her brightest presence, is already making a dwelling-place that will

VOL. XII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

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not suddenly pass away. Yes we take at once the high—and we feel it the right and philanthropic—aim of fostering a taste for music in the nation—of increasing the sources of knowledge—of keeping alive its enthusiasm, of making its deep and wonderful eloquence heard in places where it has been unheeded, and of pouring its fervent spirit where there will be poetry to appreciate its heavenly influences, and chords to vibrate to the awakened voices of its genius, swelling with a god-like grandeur from the deepest arcana of the soul. We see everywhere signs and indications of a warm and true feeling for music gaining ground among the people—we rejoice to know that an enthusiasm for it is at once shown by and directed from the throne—and we foresee, with no small hope and pleasure, that one of the chiefest blessings of Victoria's reign will be to have properly encouraged and fondly led to progress, one of the most pure, beautiful, and intellectual of all the lovely sources of human civilization.

We talk to our readers in this strain because we wish to convince them that we come among them warm to the purpose, and not without some ambition in the working out of our views. In their attainment let us at once state that we have many new channels of most valuable and exclusive information of a *popular* kind—that we have enlightened correspondents abroad—and that we have brought with us a host of contributors at home, whose names, from time to time appearing to their articles, will indicate how distinguished is the talent, and how high the reputation of those who support us with their mind and pen.

To admit of the fullest exercise of our facilities we shall frequently publish double numbers, and perhaps eventually double the work entirely without adding to the price.

A series of beautiful lyrics by our popular modern poets will be given in each number; they will be written for the "Musical World" and copyright, but we shall be glad to see our composers finding melodies for them worthy of the words.

The opera and the theatres generally will form an elaborate feature of the publication.

The music of the court, and the concerts of our nobility and gentry will become topics for one department of the periodical.

As much of literature and of the fine arts as stands in immediate connexion with music, will be carefully sought after, and joyfully introduced into our pages. But:—

In thus presenting a variety of popular subjects, tending to generalize the interest of the "Musical World," let no one imagine that we intend to abandon a classic tone and spirit in regard to pure music, or that the professional community will not still have in our publication a peculiar and exclusive organ of scientific information and a practical critical guide upon all subjects in which the *art*, as an art, is interested. The blending of sound musical instruction with our contents of amusement is one of the most wholesome purposes of the work.

And now, having made our promises, we go onward to the task of fulfilment with fresh energy and inspiring confidence in the success of our design, and let none hastily blame us for the prophecy, if we foretel that—backed by the spirit and enterprise of proprietors who have determined to devote time, money, and

industry to the promotion of the work, and aided by the unceasing kindness of contributors, who have come with us to the task voluntarily, and as to a labour of love—before we have to usher in another volume with a new address, the circulation of the “Musical World” shall have trebled its already satisfactory extent, and the professors of the science be generally glad to acknowledge the benefit of having an impartial and honest organ spreading the interest, the charm, the love, and the knowledge of their art among all the more refined classes of the general community.

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\*.\* Owing to the late period of the week to which the Editor was delayed from joining the work, it is requested that the present number may be taken as an earnest but *not* as a *specimen* of what it is intended to make the “Musical World”—but in order to give at the earliest moment a fair example of the scope and meaning of its design, the proprietors will next week present a *Double Number*, for which publications and advertisements should be forwarded as soon as possible.

Lest there should be any misapprehension of the last week’s announcement respecting the Editorship, it is right to state that although we retain all our old facilities and information, yet that the two gentlemen who had lately the nominal conduct of the “Musical World” seceded from it upon the accession of its present Editor.

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#### BALLADS OF DE BERENGER, THE POET OF FRANCE.

AY, the Poet of France—we give him but the title he has fairly won—no man more truly a poet—none more faithfully or more unfortunately the poet of his own countrymen. His name, like some familiar ballad, an echo of the national voice; his wit everywhere dazzling; his beauty—pure, lofty, and full of love—everywhere felt; his power—yet more powerfully acknowledged; and himself—in prison, in exile, and, we will venture to predict, too, in the grave—a dweller in the national heart!

No poet of the gay land—where freedom, like the heathen Jupiter, is for ever changing her voice and form, and battled for in some new guise; where men, as years whiten their hairs, are fighting one time for a consul, one time for an emperor, and another for a king—has ever so well understood the natures, and entered into the sympathies of the French people; neither do we remember a modern author in any land whose muse has been so nobly, so changefully, and yet so correctly lyrical. The songs of Berenger, indeed, are not merely fitted for his nation, but they are, in fact, types of the national character itself—now inspirited with the voice of liberty—now warmed with the earnestness of love—to-day flashing with satire and wit—to-morrow captivating with beauty—here calling for a battle—there only for a bottle—at once as ready for the one as for the other—now tipsy as the bacchant—now sober as the friend; but always and suddenly changing in its shapes and colours like a chameleon—or a dolphin—or the metamorphoses of that still more poetic fish who, in the days of Roman license, wrote the “Art of Love.”

It will not certainly be doubted that the most facile way of holding converse with a community by means of poetry is through the medium of the lyric muse. Nothing catches more than a song—nothing familiarizes more than a ballad—and both derive a delightful assistance from the spells with which music thralls the senses and charms the heart. But if there be one land where the song and ballad are more familiar and more felt than in another, it is France. Her people, with the *Allons, enfans de la Patrie!* upon their lips, can sing away a throne or

demolish a prison; with a song they rejoice—with a song they mourn—with a song they get in liquor or in love; and that song—honour go to their taste and judgment with the fact—is now, and for the last few years has been, usually a composition by the simple-minded, enthusiastic, talented, but long-suffering De Berenger! And how plentifully has he supplied them with themes for all their moods and meditations! Who is there in France—and we mean *all* France, not the highly-educated alone—that has not laughed, ay, and wept too, with this bright poet? He has, we verily believe, a song for every sympathy of the human heart, which cannot be read, still less heard, without striking the chord by which that sympathy is roused. Shakspeare alone, besides, does this in his own noble poetry; and Berenger might almost be called the Shakspeare of lyric verse, on account of the mighty versatility of his genius, and his power over the emotions of mankind. That he has become popular not in France alone, but even among the lovers of French literature in this country, vouches not less the celebrity of the poet, than that he is an object of interest to all who admire or move in that now wide circle of “*Belles-Lettres*,” which daily spreads and enlarges with a celerity not unlike that of the ring which forms itself from the bubble that has burst upon the lake.

In the spirit of our admiration for the beautiful songs of this poet, we have conceived the idea of placing from time to time before the readers of the “*Musical World*” original translations of some of the most choice ballads; we say *original*, because it is our intention to give them as they have never yet been given in English verse—namely, in precisely the same measure as that adopted by Berenger, and with a perfectly literal *refrain*. We know that in promising this we are enhancing the difficulties of our task, but we shall be repaid in the pleasure we hope to communicate to the reader; and we have moreover another object—that of affording a true interpretation of the poetry of so exquisite a lyrist as De Berenger, to English composers who may choose to wed them to their own music, and thus give them a permanent musical popularity in this country. The first song we take is one which cannot fail of enlisting the sympathy of all that class of readers who principally patronize our work. It records the fell reverses and utter break-down of one who had been a wonderful actress and singer—a Persiani, a Grisi, a Malibran of her day, and De Berenger has, with characteristic simplicity, given to his touching picture the title of

#### THE POOR WOMAN.

It snows—it snows—and there, the church before,  
On bended knee a poor old woman prays;  
'Tis bread alone she asketh at our door,  
As 'mong her rags the north-east Boreas plays.  
Towards the porch of Notre-Dame alone,  
Winter and summer, see her groping stir—  
For she, poor thing, alas! is blind as stone;  
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

Know you this poor old creature's former fate?  
Emaciate in feature—wan in hue—  
The wonder once of little as of great,  
Her songs in ecstasy all Paris threw!  
Then often with the fresh in years and heart,  
Or tears or laughter would her beauty stir;  
Then in the dreams of all her charms took part;  
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

How many times has she the theatre left  
Pursued by voices earnest, long, and loud!  
When swifter than her hurrying steeds have swept  
The deafening cheers of an adoring crowd!  
To hand her to the happy car that bore  
Her beauty off—all pleasure to confer,  
How many rivals waited at her door!  
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

When all the arts had woven her crowns to wear  
 In what a pompous dwelling did she move !  
 How many crystals, bronzes, columns there  
 The gather'd tributes given by love to love !  
 How many faithful poets at her feasts  
 Would to all toasts "her happiness" prefer !  
 All palaces have got their swallows' nests !  
 Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

Frightful reverse ! one day with fell disease  
 Breaks her sweet voice—her sight is set in tears !  
 And soon—alone and poor—upon her knees,  
 She begs as I have seen her twenty years !  
 No hand could more benevolence have spread,  
 None with more kindness could more gold confer,  
 Than *that* she hesitates to hold for bread,  
 Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

Oh grief ! oh misery ! doubled is the cold,  
 Benumb'd are her old limbs, and stiff the while ;  
 Her fingers scarcely can the rosary hold,  
 Which but a moment past had made her smile.  
 If 'neath such ills her heart—still soft—can raise  
 Its food from piety, nor once demur  
 To put her faith in th' heaven to which she prays,  
 Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

Our next specimen is the beautiful ballad of the "Old Corporal" which needs no comment beyond the tale it tells. We have literally kept the French burthen

With shoulder'd arms and charged fusil,  
 On, gallant comrades, on go you ;  
 I've still my pipe and your good will,  
 Come, give me now my last adieu !  
 To grow so old I have done ill ;  
 But you, who fame have yet to reap,—  
 I was your father in the drill,  
     Soldiers, pace keep !  
     Nay, do not weep—  
     No, do not weep !  
     March on—pace keep,—  
 Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

For a proud officer's affront  
 I wound him—he is cured—they try,  
 Condemn me, as it is their wont,  
 And the Old Corporal must die.  
 By taunt and temper hurried on,  
 My sword *would* from its scabbard leap ;—  
 But, then, I've served Napoleon !  
     Comrades, pace keep !  
     Nay, do not weep—  
     No, do not weep !  
     March on—pace keep,—  
 Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

Soldiers ! an arm or leg you'll sell  
 To win a cross, not often wore ;  
 Mine, in those wars, I fought for well,  
 When *we* drove all the kings before.  
 We drank—I told of battle-plains—  
 You paid, and deem'd the story cheap ;  
 The glory now alone remains !  
     Comrades, pace keep !  
     Nay, do not weep—  
     No, do not weep !  
     March on—pace keep,—  
 Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Robert—from my own village fair—  
Return thee, child, and tend thy fold.  
Stay, view these shady gardens there,  
More April flowers our Cantons hold !  
Oft in our woods—with dew still wet—  
Unnestling birds, I'd run and leap.  
Good God ! my mother liveth yet !  
Comrades, pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep—  
Oh, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep,—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

Who yonder sobs and looks so hard ?  
It is the drummer's widow poor.  
In Russia—in the rearward guard—  
All day and night her boy I bore,  
Else father, wife, and child, away  
Had stay'd beneath the snow to sleep ;  
She's going for my soul to pray.  
Comrades pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep—  
No, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

Zounds ! but my pipe's gone out apace ;  
Hah, no !—not yet—come on, all's right.  
We're now within the allotted space ;  
There ! with no bandage bind my sight !  
My friends I would not tire with pain ;  
Above all, do not draw too low ;  
And may God lead you home again !  
There, comrades, go !  
Nay, do not weep—  
No, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep !  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep.

Without music, it is almost impossible to appreciate the extreme beauty of this lyric, but it is a song to stir the waters in the well of the heart ; and when coupled with scenic illustration, the French people can neither see nor sing it, and not weep.

## THE PIANOFORTE.

A very elaborate article upon pianoforte music, its composers and performers has appeared in the current number of the "Westminster Review." The paper, from the initials at its finale, we take to be the production of Mr. Chorley, a gentleman who has devoted himself a good deal to musical cultivation and criticism. His present production proves that he has not laboured in vain.

The article before us, which is extremely long and comprehensive, is a powerful digest of the musical character and career of the most eminent composers for the pianoforte the world ever produced. And along with much sound instruction and the interspersing of considerable anecdotal illustration, it displays a correct and polished taste, a refined and delicate judgment, and a warm poetical and enthusiastic appreciation of the greatness and beauty of the subject—as though the writer, like some of the magician composers whose genius he describes, had gathered inspiration from his theme. We have taken the greater pleasure from the perusal of the essay, because, finding it in one of those periodicals which professedly treats only of subjects which have acquired a permanent interest in the national mind, we accept it as a sign of the times—an omen of the increasing care and attention which the English, as a people, are beginning to bestow upon the cultivation of music, and as a *supply* of information which

would not have arisen if there had not been a public demand—and a demand that seems likely to become the more earnest and incessant with every step taken in the progress of what is—equally with poetry and painting—a beautiful and glorious source of intellectual enjoyment and natural civilization. The writer of the article indeed implies a similar feeling and conviction when he declares that as some signs of a disposition to restore music to its proper place, by cultivating it intellectually, and not sensually, have recently manifested themselves among our middle classes, it is expedient that their amount should be determined, and their development assisted as far as it is possible. In treating of the pianoforte—in attempting to sketch its history and its capabilities—in offering a few brief notices of those masters whose performances have given it new powers, and whose compositions have either founded or sustained its different schools—in separating the legitimate from the illegitimate, the ephemeral from the permanent, the true, in short, from the false—the reviewer is offering the largest contribution in his power to the advancement of chamber music.

For these same reasons, in which we abundantly believe, we shall be glad to see a series of such articles as the one to which we now point attention rising up in our periodicals, and so tending to popularize an art which has been—not falsely—called divine. In the matter of the paper in the “Westminster Review,” all readers will find delight; and although its style is somewhat exuberant, and the poetry of its author may be said to “run over” in fanciful expression—though, moreover, we can find in it points of musical difference of opinion in regard to the estimate of certain men—their powers and productions—yet, as a whole, it is a very satisfactory summary and criticism, and will well instruct the uninitiated in a subject of unfailing interest. To the readers of the “Musical World” we are sure that some quotations from it will afford high gratification, and therefore no longer delay the presentation of some of the extracts we have marked. We commence with the introduction of Moscheles:—

“A young artist appeared, who promised on his outset largely to contribute to the wonders of the pianoforte, and played so, to quote the Goethe and Zelter correspondence, ‘that one was obliged to taste of the waters of Lethe, and forget all one had ever heard before. The fellow has hands,’ continues the writer, ‘which he turns in and out like a garment, and even with the nails he does not play badly.’ This was Moscheles, whose ‘Fall of Paris,’ on its tour of triumph throughout England, eclipsed all the most marvellous of its predecessors. But even in those variations, professedly written to strike and to enchant, no musician, though he might be as averse to ‘French foam’ as Zelter himself, could fail to detect a nervousness of structure—a disposition to travel out of the beaten track of harmony, which showed that a new mind was at work. That mind belonged to one who is now our first *thinker* for his instrument. Whether in the performance or the compositions of Moscheles, it is impossible not to perceive how remarkably great mechanical powers and consummate scientific experience have been placed wholly at the disposal of a clear and fine intellect. What was said of a deceased authoress, applies to him, ‘Some are led to thought through poetry,’ but he has been ‘led to poetry through thought.’ How far the best influences of domestic life, in the form of companionship and sympathy, may have contributed to this progress, the reviewer has no right to divulge. But certain it is that the student will find in Moscheles’ earlier pianoforte music a certain stiffness of forms—a certain dryness of tone, as it were, which hardly befit the exuberant season of youth. As he follows the series a greater simplicity of melody, an increased liberty, not of forms, but of ideas, develop themselves. The mind of his author has become enriched, mellowed, opened;—the thoughts issuing thence come forth with a passion and a spontaneity, which, generally speaking, wanes, not waxes, with years. There is a wide step between the composer’s first and last Concertos—a great difference in ease and largeness of hand between the superb ‘*Hommage à Handel*’ and the beautifully elaborated earlier duet in E flat—an advance from rational and thoughtful prose to highly-toned, richly-coloured poetry, between Moscheles’ first and last Studies.

Few artists have tested themselves so severely in their intercourse with the public as Moscheles has done; no one within the circle of our experience stood the test with such uniform success. For there is no style of music, from the fugues of Bach to the follies of Herz, which he has not performed; and there is none in which he has failed. For force and clearness of finger, in all sprightly, petulant passages, he is unrivalled. There is wit in his playing. Sometimes in expressive and passionate music,—as when, for instance, he is rendering Beethoven,—he may lean too much towards a *tempo rubato*, which trenches upon affectation,—sometimes a little grandeur may be sacrificed for the sake of rapidity.

But these are points in which no two among his audience feel alike; and those even who might go the length of positively disagreeing with his conception of any given movement, must feel that he is remarkable among all his contemporaries for never failing to have read the work as a whole, whether it be grave or gay, severe or sentimental according to his best ability. The place of Moscheles among the musicians of Europe will become higher and more influential every year, for the mellowing process progressively discernible in his compositions and in his performance, is far from having reached its climax."

We add some personal mention of Beethoven—

"It is to be remarked, that if nothing could be much more unworldly and retired than Beethoven's life; nothing, also, could be more carefully, almost sullenly withheld from the market where patronage and fashion resort, than his executive talent. He would sit down among the Breunings and extemporize fantasias suitable to the characters of the company, unconsciously shadowing forth, as it were, that turn of invention which should make him one day select 'Napoleon' as the idea of that symphony which is now called the 'Eroica';—but he never loved to exhibit in public; and was incorrect and uncertain as a player. But for this, his mind wrought all the more incessantly, and a spirit of self-concentration was nourished to an unusual strength, in addition to the force of will, and the variety of fancy with which nature had gifted him so largely. And he had not long entered upon the career of invention—not long detached himself from those indulgent friends whose constant society must have tended to soften and to humanise, when he was doomed to be driven yet deeper into the recesses of his own mind, by the most terrible calamity which could befall him. That deafness, which finally compelled him to a total seclusion from the world, began to manifest itself in the year 1800; and there are few more painful chapters in the history of genius than those, still to be added, which will contain the early letters on the subject addressed by Beethoven to Dr. Wegeler;—few more melancholy anecdotes than the one told by Ries, how the latter first became aware of his master's impaired hearing by calling upon him, when they were walking together in the country, to listen to a shepherd's pipe; being no longer able to hear which, Beethoven stalked homeward by the side of his scholar—gloomy, and saying nothing. The legend of the prisoner shut up in the iron chamber, day by day narrowing around him, but reflects what the feelings of the musician must have been: for *his* fate approached, though no less steadily, more slowly. At first, in his letters to Wegeler, who is a physician, we find him writing of his malady as a secret to be kept with jealous care;—then, in a sudden moment of anguish, exclaiming that self-destruction, his only cure, was forbidden him by divine laws.

The article concludes with the following passages, which coincide alike with our expectations and opinions:—"From what has been said, it will be readily deduced that our views of the prospects of pianoforte music are full of hope. It has been shown how that which is great and true in the elder masters of the art has not only stood its ground, but is increasingly made a rallying-point, while, even in that which is difficult and mechanical, whether in London, or Paris, or Vienna, there appears such a recognition of thought and purpose on the part of rising composers, as encourages us to expect that new styles may yet be invented, new works yet produced, based on sound foundations—and, therefore, of a permanent beauty and elevation. The chamber-musician, for whose pleasure and guidance the foregoing pages have been written, cannot for an instant mistake the line of study which we would recommend to him—nor be unaware that, in such recommendation, we have had a regard for the intellectual and moral development of his sense of the beautiful:—as distinguished from the aimless and wasteful adoption of a pursuit as merely adding one to the pleasures of sense."

#### DEATH OF THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.

It is with unfeigned regret that we have this week to record the death of one of the most popular lyric poets of the time. Poor Haynes Bayly, whose words—wedded to a hundred beautiful melodies—have met with more extended fame, admiration, and success than those of any other song-writer, with the exception of Dibdin and Moore, expired, a victim to lingering disease, on the 22nd April at Cheltenham, where he bore his latest sufferings, it is stated, under the pressure of pecuniary distress. Owing to this circumstance, the latter years of his life had been passed at Boulogne, where he took refuge from the consequences of debt in this country, and found occupation in translating and adapting

the numerous ephemeral burlettas which Scribe and other French dramatists are so incessantly producing, and forwarding them for performance to England, where, either at the English Opera House, the Olympic, or the Haymarket, they were generally brought out with success and ran to popularity. Some of his dramatic efforts, however, were original, and had the credit of being his own invention, amongst which "*Perfection*," is the best known. "*Tom Noddy's Secret*," is the last acted trifle from his pen. It is, however, as a lyrist, and not as a dramatist or novelist (though he published two novels in the course of his literary career, and continually contributed to the magazines and annuals) that he will be missed and mourned by society. Upon his beautiful songs only, his reputation rests—and sooth to say, it could not have a fairer foundation. As every point connected with his name and memory must, by the melancholy incident of his death, become a source of interest to the readers of this publication, with all of whom he was a public favourite, while to many he was privately known and loved, we shall at once present them with such brief notice of the deceased poet as we can hastily gather for their perusal.

Mr. Bayly was the only child of Nathaniel Bayly, Esq., of Mount Beacon House, near Bath, whose great-grandfather was the Honourable Robert Booth, Dean of Bristol, and brother of the Earl of Warrington. Mr. N. Bayly, although a younger son, was, in right of his mother, heir to a considerable property, the principal part of which, however, he unfortunately lost in the year 1790, having connected his name with a provincial bank. Mr. Bayly then turned his thoughts to the profession of the law, and has honourably retrieved, by his own exertions, the fortunes of his family.

Mr. Haynes Bayly, the subject of this brief memoir, was cousin to the present Earl of Stamford, and his maternal great-grandfather was Sir George Thomas, Bart. Mr. Haynes Bayly married Miss Helena Becher Hayes, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of the late B. Hayes, Esq., of the county of Cork, and niece to the Rev. Thomas Becher, Prebendary of Southwell. He has left her a young widow with an only child, a daughter.

The notice of his writings, which we now subjoin, was written some years back in a monthly periodical, and was, we believe, a tribute to his merits from the pen of his friend, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Allowances must be made by the reader for a criticism written by the hand of friendship; but in most instances the eulogiums of the notice will be found to be just.

Amongst the modern candidates for literary popularity, Mr. Haynes Bayly ranks exceedingly high. The unprecedented success of many of his productions has rendered his name almost as familiar to the public ear as the effusions of his pen: and this is not saying little; for, from the period at which he began to devote his attention to lyrical composition, the streets of the metropolis, as well as its drawing-rooms, have actually rung with his melodies.

In the poetical productions of Mr. Bayly there is a combination of deep feeling and sentiment with an arch and pointed playfulness not frequently found together in the works of the same author. His unprecedentedly popular ballad of "Oh! no, we never mention her," is a very sweet specimen of the former quality. "We Met" is another, which deserves the highest praise; and, above all, we admire one contained in the "*Songs of the Boudoir*," beginning "Oh! sing me no new songs to-night," which appears to us to be as perfect a composition, both in words and music, as we ever heard.

Contrast with these, his lively effusions, "Lord Harry has written a Novel," or, "This is my eldest Daughter, Sir," and we think we shall stand fully justified for our unqualified praise of the versatility of his literary talent. In order, however, to afford the reader who may not have seen the latter song, an opportunity of judging for himself, we subjoin it:—

#### THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR.

This is my eldest daughter, Sir,  
Her mother's only care;  
You praise her face—oh! sir, she is  
As good as she is fair!

My angel Jane is clever too,  
Accomplishments I've taught her,  
I'll introduce you to her, Sir—  
This is my eldest daughter!

I've sought the aid of ornament,  
 Bejewelling her curls,  
 I've tried her beauty unadorn'd,  
 Simplicity and pearls.  
 I've set her off, to get her off,  
 Till fallen off I've thought her,  
 Yet I've softly breath'd to all the beaux—  
 "This is my eldest daughter!"  
 I've tried all styles of hair-dressing  
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops:  
 Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced,  
 Till circulation stops!  
 I've padded her until I have  
 Into a Venus wrought her,  
 But puffing her has no effect—  
 This is my eldest daughter!

Her gowns are *à la* Ackerman,  
 Her corsets *à la* Bell;  
 Yet when the season ends, each beau  
 Still leaves his T. T. L.  
 I patronize each *déjeûné*,  
 Each party on the water,  
 Yet still she hangs upon my arm—  
 This is my eldest daughter!  
 She did refuse a gentleman—  
 (I own it was absurd)  
 She thought she *ought* to answer "No!"  
*He* took her at her word!  
 But she'd say "Yes," if any one  
 That's eligible sought her—  
 She *really* is a charming girl,  
 Though she's my eldest daughter!

Having read this, let us beg the reader's attention to the following, which appears to us beautiful.

#### THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite,  
 My mother never smiled  
 On me with half the tenderness  
 That bless'd her fairer child:  
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,  
 While fondled on her knee;  
 I've turn'd away to hide my tears—  
 There was no kiss for me!  
 And yet I strove to please, with all  
 My little store of sense;  
 I strove to please, and infancy  
 Can rarely give offence;  
 But when my artless efforts met  
 A cold, ungentle check,  
 I did not dare to throw myself  
 In tears upon her neck.  
 How blessed are the beautiful!  
 Love watches o'er their birth;  
 Oh, beauty! in my nursery  
 I learn'd to know thy worth:  
 For even there, I often felt  
 Forsaken and forlorn,  
 And wish'd--for others wish'd it too—  
 I never had been born!  
 I'm sure I was affectionate—  
 But in my sister's face  
 There was a look of love that claim'd  
 A smile or an embrace!

But when I raised my lip, to meet  
 The pressure children prize,  
 None knew the feelings of my heart—  
 They spoke not in my eyes.  
 But, oh! that heart too keenly felt  
 The anguish of neglect;  
 I saw my sister's lovely form  
 With gems and roses deck'd;  
 I did not covet them—but oft,  
 When wantonly reproved,  
 I envied her the privilege  
 Of being so beloved.  
 But soon a time of triumph came  
 A time of sorrow too—  
 For sickness o'er my sister's form  
 Her venom'd mantle threw;  
 The features once so beautiful,  
 Now wore the hue of death,  
 And former friends shrank fearfully  
 From her infectious breath,  
 'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,  
 I watch'd beside her bed,  
 And fearlessly upon my breast  
 I pillow'd her poor head.  
 She lived—she loved me for my care!  
 My grief was at an end;  
 I was a lonely being once,  
 But now I have a friend!

It is not only to lyrical compositions that Mr. Bayly's reputation is confined: he has appeared before the public on several occasions as a successful dramatist. A piece of his called "Perfection," has been acted, we believe, in every theatre public and private, in the kingdom: and this last fact proves what we have always contended for, that it is not necessary to be vulgar in order to be humorous. He is also the author of "The Witness," "Sold for a Song," and several other entertaining dramas. His songs have received a most striking mark of favour,—having been translated into Latin by the venerable Archdeacon Wrangham.

In a future number of the "Musical World," we shall devote a paper to a review of the collected songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly, and endeavour to illustrate correctly his character as a lyrical writer; for in our opinion he deserves to be judged by a better standard than those songs which music has made most popular; many very superior productions of his being quite unknown, and kept in the shade by a marriage with music which nobody ever cared to hear.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—Believing that no details relating to musical performance can be considered "alien to the object of your journal, or totally devoid of interest to your readers, I venture to trouble you with a few remarks on the placing of the performers in the Philharmonic orchestra. I name this Society, not that they place the band differently from other parties giving concerts, but because we may suppose from their celebrity, they do not make their arrangements under the force of custom merely; and further, because for the same reason their example is likely to be held as necessarily worthy to be followed by other and inferior bodies. The position of the violas is the chief point to which I wish to call your attention; they are placed (even the principal) at the back part of the orchestra, with the entire force of the first violins between them and the basses. Now, permit me to ask, why are the basses invariably placed in the front of the orchestra? The answer obviously is, because of the comparative slowness of the vibration of the thick strings. Then, does not a parity of reasoning demand that the violas should occupy a portion of the foreground of the orchestra? Another reason equally valid against the present arrangement, may be found in the fact, that in all the authors (more particularly, perhaps, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart), the violas and violoncellos have a great deal of employment in unison, which makes it always desirable, and frequently indispensable, that their localities should not be wide asunder. With respect to the vocal music, it is a manifest disadvantage to the professor leading the violas, that his distance from the singer is so great; and I would fain hope, that in this circumstance may be found the reason of some of the not unfrequent mishaps in the quarter referred to during the last two or three seasons. The alteration I would suggest, is, that the principal viola, with his coadjutor, should be placed at the desk now occupied by Mr. Blagrove; the other violas to be placed at the sounding desk immediately behind it, thus contiguity to the vocalists and the basses would be afforded; the corresponding number of first violins would be removed one degree farther into the orchestra; but their line of communication with the leader's desk would still be unbroken, and their shrill, piercing character would always ensure their audibility. Another alteration I would suggest, is the removal of the basses to the back of the front platform, bringing them immediately under the violins; as it is, there is a wide aisle left between them and the rest of the orchestra, which operates most injuriously on the general effect to the ears of those near the orchestra—the bass part arrives in a separated form: there, in fact, two bodies claiming their attention—the basses and the orchestra. In passing, I would just observe that this is rendered the more striking, by the fact of one of the violoncello players (not the violoncello *par excellence*), incessantly endeavouring to predominate, and by every species of interesting pantomime, and sundry interludes to draw the attention of the audience to himself. The alteration recommended, I conceive would be a great relief to the singers, who, under the present arrangement, have the felicity of singing in the centre of fourteen basses. I am sir, your obedient servant,

AN OBSERVER.

Gallantry compels the insertion of the following amusing letter from a lady correspondent:—

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

B— House, near Cheltenham.

SIR,—In a leading article in a late number of the "Musical World," I was surprised at finding the name of Mrs. H. R. Bishop omitted in a list of the *principal young* female singers of England, especially as that list contained the names of one or two ladies whose talents (though considerable) certainly do not hold as high a rank in the estimation of the public as those of Mrs. Bishop, whose distinguished vocal abilities require no eulogium from me. Neither does the age of Mrs. Bishop disqualify her from taking a place in the list of young singers, as I understand, from good authority, that she is not above twenty-five years of age; and I was present at her *debut* in 1831, at the Philharmonic, just as she had quitted the academy, being at that period a girl of seventeen or eighteen at farthest, and a very pretty girl also; therefore, as she has not yet attained that "certain age" when allusions to age are unpleasant to most ladies, I hope she will pardon these observations. The conviction which I entertain of the liberality of your feelings and justice of your criticism must be my apology for the nature of this communication, and my admiration of the fair vocalist alluded to must be another.—With the hope that you will permit this letter to appear in the "Musical World," I have the honour to remain,

Your Obedient Servant and Constant Reader.

# MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

PARIS, April 27.—*Halevy's New Opera*.—Under the mystical title of "*Les Trieze*," a new opera, in three acts, has been produced with success at the Opera Comique. The libretto by M. M. Scribe and Paul Duport; and the music by Halevy. This composer is known by a most popular production—the opera of "*L'Eclair*," brought out at the same theatre in December, 1835, and which richly deserves the favour it has received. Halevy is also the writer of the "*Juive*," and of "*Guido*" and "*Ginevra*." "*Les Trieze*" consists of a combination of Neapolitan officers, who club together to obtain possession of every pretty woman in the Two Sicilies. The "*Trieze*" only figure in the opera at the finale, but they are represented by two worthies, *Hector* and *Odoard*, who become enamoured of a pretty sempstress, *Isella*. A wager is laid between the two sons of Mars to obtain the fair damsel, and it is mutually agreed that neither should contradict or expose the other, in whatever may be said or done. The first scheme of *Hector* is to disguise himself as a coachman, and he is about to carry off *Isella*, when *Odoard* by a stratagem hinders him. Poor *Isella's* salvation is consequently owing to the opposing plans of her pursuers, and to the protection of an humble lover, in the person of *Gennaio*, son of an innkeeper, whose union has been opposed by the father, because *Isella* has no dowry. This drama is exceedingly lively, and some of the scenes are highly ludicrous; one in particular, in the second act, where *Hector* having persuaded the guileless *Isella* that he is her brother, and that she is a countess, *Odoard* retorts by asserting that he was affianced to her when she was an infant. "Where, then, is the contract of the marriage?" asks *Hector* triumphantly. "Annexed to the certificate of birth which proves her to be your sister," responds *Odoard*. Of course the gallant officers are defeated in their schemes, and they give the amount of the marriage portion to *Isella*, which has been alone a bar to her union with the faithful *Gennaio*. Halevy has written some clever music for this opera, but the instrumentation is overcharged, and there is a want of repose. The overture contains a clever *fugued* theme. There is no such melody as Duprez's "*Pendant les fêtes*" in "*Guido*," nor is there such a bit as in the "*Juive*," "*Rachel quand du Seigneur*." In fact, Halevy has worked too laboriously, instead of being light and vivacious. The brass instruments are, at times, quite out of place and stunning, where the situation admitted of soft and smooth phrases. The *scenas* given to the singers are also too long. Those of *Isella* opening the third act, and of *Hector* at the commencement, are overdone, albeit there are detached bits which are agreeable and effective. The quartett ending the second act is ingenious, and the subject of the trio in the first act is pleasing, but is not well carried out.

## METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—"*Anna Bolena*," which was revived last Saturday evening, is an opera due to the enthusiasm for England and her literary lore created in Italy by the works of Byron and Walter Scott. Lablache who, in *Falstaff*, has thrown the memory and gigantic form of Stephen Kemble himself into the shade, played *Henry the Eighth*, on Saturday night to the life, and all that we need add is, that his singing equalled his acting. Ernesta Grisi, the *debutante*, who had been admirably attired for her part, appeared to much advantage. In her romance sung to the lute, which Romani has felicitously imitated from Shakspeare's

"In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart,"

she won the good graces of the audience, and obtained that necessary certificate of a *debutante*, an *encore*. With that frequent license which will perhaps be checked when the English audience has become more critical in judgment, "*Dolce sembianza*," from Mercadante's "*Giuramento*" was introduced, and confirmed Ernesta's character as a very superior *seconda donna*. To Madlle. Monnani was assigned a part which in no hands we have seen to succeed, and to its fair representative on Saturday it had the additional objection that its *Tacitura* is out of her natural compass. But in spite of the serious difficulties, great agitation, and lingering cold against which she struggled, Madlle. Monnani deserved the encouragement of the audience, on whose feelings her very handsome person and graceful and energetic action exercised no little influence. Grisi looked and sang divinely. If, after her well known "*Giudici ad Anne*,"

delivered with more intense feeling and effect than ever, the most rapturous applause burst forth from the delighted audience, it was but mere justice to her consummate talent. We have heard poor Malibran say that in such an effort where the energies of both mind and body are summoned to the performer's aid, life is shortened by the over-exertion. The audience appeared enraptured throughout with Rubini's performance, and, indeed, became so unreasonable, that perforce he must appear after his own death; he was obliged to repeat even his dying speech, which, like the last song of the expiring swan, was the best of all. On the fall of the curtain the audience vehemently called for the great artists to whom they had been indebted for so exquisite a musical treat. Grisi and Rubini came forward amidst thundering applause, the former, in the absence we presume of Lablache, making her cousin Ernesta share in the evening's triumph. The house presented a splendid appearance, worthy of the fine performance to which we have just paid a deserved tribute. Since the opening of the season the opera had not been so numerously nor, we believe, so fashionably attended. The Queen, who, with her august mother, honoured the theatre with her presence, repeatedly condescended to testify her delight at the exertions of Rubini, Grisi, and Lablache. The last-named majestic representation of the English *Blue Beard* elicited many an approving smile from the Royal party, not far removed from whose box sat the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Augusta. "Anna Bolena" was repeated on Tuesday, and to-night another great treat awaits us in the performance of "Don Giovanni," in a style worthy of that immortal composition. Pauline Garcia appears on the 9th of May in the part of *Desdemona*.

**MELODIST'S CLUB.**—The reunion of this social and harmonious society on Thursday last, was a most brilliant one; about seventy amateurs and professors of music dined on the occasion, Lord Burghersh in the chair, supported by Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir W. Curtis, Sir John Rogers, &c. &c. After dinner *Non Nobis* was finely sung by Messrs. Braham, T. Cooke, Parry, Parry, jun., Terrail, Hobbs, E. Taylor, Stansbury, Blewitt, Hawkins, Hawes, Bennett, Moxley, Frances, Elliott, Evans, Walmsley, Giubilei, &c. &c. Steven's glee, "The cloud-capt towers," was well sung; and Braham gave, with uncommon energy and power, "Victoria our Queen," "The Bay of Biscay" (encored), and "The death of Nelson." Ivanoff sang a beautiful melody of Schubert's, accompanied on the horn by Puzzi, and pianoforte by Benedict. Festa's pretty madrigal "Down in a flowery vale," was very nicely sung, Masters Chipp and Martin taking the soprano. Mr. Hobbs gave his prize ballad very sweetly; and Bennett sung Lord Burghersh's serenade, "The dews of night," with great taste; and Giubilei sung Possin's "Tarantola" with infinite spirit and effect, accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir George Smart, who, with Mr. T. Cooke and Stansbury, presided at the pianoforte. Mr. Harper, jun., played a fantasia on the cornet à piston extremely well; he rose the diatonic scale from C below to C above the lines very rapidly and nicely in tune. Puzzi gave a fantasia on the horn, on subjects from Lucia di Lammermuir beautifully; it was not one of those tut-at-tut-tantarara sort of things, but a mellifluous rich tone, blended with taste and expression. Benedict executed a rondo of his own on the pianoforte in a style of excellence that elicited the loudest applause; and M. Panofka, the Parisian violinist, played a Tyrolean fantasia exceedingly well; he brings out a very sonorous tone from his instrument, which, by the by, is a very good one, and his intonation is correct, his execution neat and distinct; he produces the harmonics with great certainty and sweetness, and plays with great taste, at the same time, with freedom and energy in forte passages. No society in London affords such a variety of entertainments as the Melodist Club, for, besides "the pleasures of the table," the members and their friends enjoy an excellent concert as well; and, above all, they are not pestered with dull long speeches from persons who like to hear themselves talk in public.

**SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.**—This society had its third concert on Monday night at the King's Theatre concert-room. There was an excellent band, having six contra bassi for its basis, and Mori led. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony was played with great spirit and correctness; and, subsequently, Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits," and Spohr's overture to the "Alchemist," were both executed in similar style. Except the Philharmonic, we have heard no concert so equal to this. The lesser instrumental performances of the night consisted of a fantasia

on the bassoon, by Baumann, and a concerto on the violin, by Mori, jun. Baumann's effort was exceedingly beautiful, displaying a mastery over his most difficult instrument, such as has been rarely noticed in this country. Young Mori did himself much credit by his performance. The vocalists of the night were Madame Stockhausen, who has once more come amongst us, Mademoiselle Bildstein, her niece, Miss F. Wyndham, Mr. Phillips and Brizzi. Madame Stockhausen most distinguished herself on this occasion in "The Miner's Song upon the Lake of Leman," composed by M. Stockhausen. It was a duet, in which Mademoiselle Bildstein joined. Its character was melodious and simple, with some of the usual Swiss embellishments. Mademoiselle Bildstein has a pleasing voice, cultivated with German care. She sang with great distinctness and nicety. Miss F. Wyndham gave "On la sull onda," and Kalliwoode's "Grave Digger," with all her accustomed expression and success. Upon the whole, this concert was well got up, and had a very numerous audience.

**MRS. CALDWELL'S CONCERT.**—On Friday a concert, combining all the first vocal talent, was given by Mrs. Caldwell, at her elegant residence in Audley-square. It was attended by two hundred of the *élite* of the nobility and fashionable world. The concert was under the direction of Puzzi.

**MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT.**—Madame Dulcken also gave a very elegant private concert on Friday evening, at the residence of Sir W. Curtis, in Portland-place, and notwithstanding the absence of the opera-artists, who are not permitted to assist on these occasions, a most excellent musical treat was provided by the combined exertions of the popular pianiste herself, Moscheles, David, Ivanoff, Lablache, jun., Balfe, Madame Balfe, Miss Birch, Madame Labarre, Madame Bordogni, M. Willept, &c.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The second concert by the students of this institution took place on Saturday morning last. The following was the programme:—

**PART I.**—Symphony (Eroica), ending with the Funeral March, Beethoven. Aria "Dove sono," (Le Nozze di Figaro), Miss Thompson. Mozart. Concerto (first movement of), Pianoforte, Miss Keene, (pupil of Mrs. Anderson), Hummel. Duetto, "Bella Imago" (Semiramide), Miss Edwards and Mr. Stretton, Rossini. Cantata, soli parts, Miss Thomson, Miss Pennington, Messrs. Redfearne, and S. Jones, (first time of performance in this country), Weber.

**PART II.**—Overture (Oberon), Weber. Song (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. J. S. Bowley) Miss Dolby, Spolir. Fantasia No. 12, Flute, A. H. Tull (pupil of Mr. Richardson), Nicholson. Symphony, No. 9 (Ode to Joy from), soli parts, Miss Thomson, Miss Ridson, Messrs. Redfearne and Stretton, Beethoven. Leader and Director of the Orchestra, Mr. F. Cramer, Conductor, Mr. C. B. Lucas.

Two movements only of Beethoven's "Eroica" were played, concluding with the funeral march, as a tribute to the memory of the late Sir Herbert Taylor, who had been a kind friend to the Academy for many years. Among the patrons of the institution present, were:—Lord Burghersh, Lord Saltoun, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir John Campbell, Sir G. Clerk, Sir W. Curtis, the Hon. General Bligh, and many ladies of distinction, who occupied the director's box. The third concert, which was to have taken place on the 8th of June, has been postponed, in consequence of the fancy ball taking place the evening previously.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The fourth concert took place last night, under the direction of Lord Burghersh, who made the following excellent selection:—

**PART I.**—Te Deum—soli, Mrs. Knyvett; Miss Dolby, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Parry, jun., A. Romberg. Aria—"Io ti lascio," Miss F. Wyndham, Mozart. Song—"Now Heaven in fullest glory," Mr. Phillips, Haydn. Quartett—"Jesu dulcis," Miss Birch, Miss Wyndham, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Stretton, Buhler. Trio and Chorus—"See the conquering hero comes," Handel. Song—"Angels ever bright," Mrs. Knyvett, Handel. Scena—"O voto tremendo," Madame Albertazzi, Miss Birch, Miss Wyndham, Signor Ivanoff, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Stretton; and Dead March (Idomeneo), Mozart. Recit. (accompanied)—"In splendour bright," Mr. Braham, Haydn. Grand Chorus—"The Heavens are telling," Haydn.

**PART II.**—Overture (Demophon), Vogel. Song—"Ho perduto," Madame Albertazzi, Paisiello. Song—"O Liberty," Mr. Braham. (Violoncello, Mr. Lindley), Handel. Sestetto—"Dove sur" (Cosi fan Tutte), Mozart. Aria—"O cara immagine," Signor Ivanoff, Mozart. Song and Chorus—"Alma Virgo," Miss Birch, Hummel. Trio—"Amplius lava," Miss Birch, Miss Wyndham, and Mr. Stretton Sarti. Grand Chorus—"Glory to God," (Judah), Beethoven.

Were any proof required of Lord Burghersh's determination to uphold the dignity and character of these the first of vocal concerts in the kingdom, the above programme would furnish them, for the selection was made from the works of masters most of whom have been long gathered to their fathers, but whose names will never die.

The performance of the whole of this programme was altogether in the first style of excellence. The assemblage of rank and fashion was very great last

night. Among the company we noticed the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Archbishop of York, Miss G. Harcourt, Lord Cawdor, Lord and Lady Maryborough, Sir A. Cooper, (who, with Mr. Rogers, the poet, and Mrs. Knvyett, dined with Lord and Lady Burghersh), the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Devon, Earl of Bandon, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Wrottesley, Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Sir John and Lady Johnson, Lady Dukinfield, Sir T. Guise, Sir Thomas and Lady Drake, Sir W. Curtis, the Honourable R. Clive, the Hon. General Bligh, &c. The next performance will be under the direction of the Archbishop of York, and that on the 15th instant under the direction of the Duke of Cambridge, which her Majesty the Queen will honour with her presence.

### PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is chiefly compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The Editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their own editorial signature is appended to.]

**NORWICH.**—*New Choral Society.*—We congratulate the committee of this society upon the complete success of their concert. We never remember to have seen upon such an occasion a more brilliant company than that which graced St. Andrew's Hall on Tuesday evening. The selection of pieces was a most felicitous one, embracing nearly every kind of secular music, from the quaint madrigal of the 16th century down to the simple and elegant ballad of the present day. Miss Birch is purely an English singer. In the oratorio style she is first-rate. Perhaps no vocalist has risen in public estimation, or excited more universal approbation in so short a time as Miss Birch has done. Her intonation is perfect, we do not remember to have heard her sing one note out of tune; if any part of her singing is faulty, it is her enunciation, which certainly might be improved. The variations in Bochs's version of "Cease your funning" she executed with the greatest possible delicacy. Bellini's aria, "Come a me sereno," was encored. But the performance of "Let the bright seraphim" was the gem of the evening. Miss Morris acquitted herself with more than her usual success. The modest and unaffected manner in which she sang the "Angel's whisper" and the "Vesper Hymn," was not lost upon the audience. Mr. Chapman, though evidently labouring under the effects of a severe cold, sang with good taste and finish. The solo playing of the evening was excellent. Mr. Loder's concerto in the olden style was given with a perfection of tone and neatness of execution that elicited much applause. Mr. Harper is decidedly a great favourite in Norwich, his reception must have been highly gratifying to him, but we think we have heard him to more advantage than in the fantasia. Mr. W. Lindley's was a genuine piece of concerto playing. The madrigals were sung by a select body of choralsists. To give these splendid pieces of ancient counterpoint their true effect, requires no slight acquaintance with musical composition, and a style of singing not much known at the present day, excepting perhaps to those accustomed to the daily practice of the cathedral services of Bird, Gibbons, and their contemporaries. Beethoven's symphony in C, and Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* were respectively given with great precision. We must again congratulate the committee upon the perfect success of their management. We trust they will be enabled to give us many more such concerts. The pleasure experienced by an audience of 1400 persons is sufficient guarantee against any loss. We understand that the committee have realised a very handsome surplus by their series of concerts, in addition to the liberal sums they have already given to the charities of Norwich.—*Norfolk Chronicle.*

**BATH.**—Miss Willis Browne and Mr. William Browne took a benefit concert at the Assembly Rooms, on the 22nd April (under high patronage), which was very successfully performed and attended.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.**—Her Majesty has most graciously signified her assent to become Patroness of the Festival. The general outline of the scheme has been determined upon, embracing two entire Oratorios of Handel—viz. "Israel in Egypt," and "Messiah;" a grand "Jubilate" by Purcell, and Spohr's "Das Heilands letzte Stunden," translated by Mr. Edward Taylor, and performed once at the Vocal Concerts in the season of 1837.

**THE MANCHESTER AMATEURS** were quite delighted with Herr David's violin playing; Madame Balfe also pleased very much, more so than Middle. Riviere did; the same party, with Phillips, sung and played at Birmingham on Thursday evening with great success.

## CONCERTS, &amp;c., OF THE WEEK.

This morning Performance at St. Paul's, for the Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy; in the evening Rooke's new Opera at Covent Garden; and Mr. Kollman's Concert.

To-morrow morning—Miss Kensett's Concert.

Saturday morning—Rehearsal of the fifth Philharmonic Concert; an Opera in the evening.

Monday morning rehearsal of the Ancient Concert; Philharmonic in the evening.

Wednesday morning—Mrs. Anderson's Concert; in the evening the sixth Ancient Concert.

Thursday evening—Mr. Neate's first Soiree at the Hanover Square Rooms.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our next number we will give Mr. E. F. Rimbault the information he requires.

"A Correspondent" inquires why the two MS. Quartetts by Mendelssohn, announced by Messrs. Mori and Lindley, for their Classical Quartett Concerts this season, were not produced? and why Mrs. Bishop, whose name was also given in the bills of these concerts, did not make her appearance? Our Correspondent's letter insinuates more than we choose to insert, and therefore we have asked his questions in this simple form.

**MORI'S GRAND CONCERT** on the Stage of the Opera House on Friday Evening, May 10, at Eight o'clock, at which Mesdames Grisi and Persiani will sing a Grand Duett Pauline Garcia, her first appearance at a Public Concert. Stockhausen, Albertazzi, Ernesta Tatti, Monanni, and De Riviere. Signori Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache, F. Lablache, Tatti, and Brizzi. Miss Birch, Miss F. Wyndham, and Mr. Phillips. Solos on the Violin by M. David, the German Violin Player; on the Pianoforte by M. Döhler; on the Harp by M. Laharre, and on the Flute by Mr. Richardson. A grand Concertante Duet for two violins (first and only time this season) M. David and Mr. Mori. The orchestra, which will be on the grand scale of former years, will comprise 100 Performers, and be erected on the Stage. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be had of Mori and Lavenu, 23, New Bond Street: and at the Box Office of the Opera, and all Music Sellers.

## QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOM, HANOVER SQUARE.

**MESSRS. MOSCHELES and DAVID** have the honour to announce that they intend giving a **MATINEE MUSICALE** on Saturday, May 25th, to commence at Two o'clock, when they will perform their newest Solo and Concertante Composition interspersed with Select Vocal Music by the most eminent talent. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

**MESDAMES GRISI, PERSIANI, GARCIA, ALBERTAZZI, STOCKHAUSEN, DE RIVIERE, and BALFE**, Signori RUBINI, IVANOFF, TAMBURINI, LABLACHE, &c. &c., and all the available instrumental talent, including M. Döhler on the Pianoforte, M. Alex. Batta on the Violoncello, Messrs. David, Blagrove, and Mori on the Violin, &c. &c., will be engaged for **M. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT** in the Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, on Wednesday, May 22, at two o'clock precisely. Conductor, Signor Costa. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, for which an early application is respectfully solicited, may be had at Addison and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; Chappell's, Mori and Lavenu's, Mill's, and Charles Olivier's, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, and Lonsdale's, Old Bond-street; M. Benedict's, 8, Bruton-street.

**MADAME DULCKEN**, Pianiste to her Majesty the Queen, Musical Instructor to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, &c., has the honour to announce that she will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on **FRIDAY, May 17**. The Concert will be on the most splendid scale, and all the first talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged. Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Sir George Smart. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Tickets at half-a-guinea, and a limited number of Stalls at one guinea, to be had of the principal Music sellers; and of Madame Dulcken, 4, Cumberland-street, Bryanstone-square.

**HENRY HOOPER**, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—**R. GROOMBRIDGE**, Pausley Alley, Paternoster Row, and the following Agents:—

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